

THE GLEANER

AND
NORTHUMBERLAND SCHEDIASMA.

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"Nec arancarum sane texus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes."

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VISCOUNT ALTHORP.—The noble Lord who now fills the important office of the Exchequer is in the 49th year of his age, and first accepted office in 1806, during the Fox and Grenville administration, which his noble father (Earl Spencer) was appointed Secretary of the State for the Home Department. His Lordship however only performed the duties of a Lord of the Treasury thirteen months, and from that period until the formation of the present ministry, an interval of twenty four years, his lordship never held any official employment. The noble viscount sustained a severe domestic calamity in 1818, by the untimely dissolution of Lady Althorp, daughter and heiress of Richard Acklom, Esq. At her Ladyship's demise she was in the 50th year of her age, and since that event the noble widower has not formed a second matrimonial connection, chiefly residing at apartments in the Albany, and at Earl Spencer's splendid seat at Althorp, in Northamptonshire, which county his Lordship has represented upwards of twenty years. His lordship has two surviving brothers, the Hon. Captain Frederick Spencer, R. N., lately married to Miss Poyetz, sister of the Marchioness of Exeter, and the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, who has recently conformed to the Catholic Church.

SKRYZNECKI.—This extraordinary man, who is in the forty fifth year of his age, entered the army in 1806, and served in the regiment commanded by Casimir Malachowski, now a general of division, to whom he became particularly acceptable from the frank artlessness of character, peculiar to both. Although from the commencement of his military career he was remarkable for a scrupulous attention to all his duties, yet he had no opportunity of developing his remarkable talents before 1809, when he signalized himself in the campaign in which 8000 Poles defeated 40,000 Austrians, and made themselves masters of the whole of Galacia. On this occasion he obtained the cross of the Polish order of Military Merit. He also contributed most essentially to the formation of that fine regiment raised by Prince Constantine Czatoryski at his own expense, and commanded in 1812 the Grenadiers of that corps, which, in the battle of Mojaisk took thrice, and eventually retained possession of a mound which was completely covered with the Russian Guard. Our limits prohibit us at present from following this gallant soldier through all his various battles; but we may mention in evidence of his not having reposed, that he was actively employed by Napoleon from the period above named; and in one of those murderous conflicts (at Arcis-sur-Aube,) previous to the abdication of Fontainebleau, the Emperor finding himself in extreme danger, threw himself into a hollow square formed and commanded by Skryznecki, whose superior resources were strikingly displayed. After the battle he was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and Napoleon pronounced this remarkable prediction, '*C'est un commandant qui commandera.*' Europe bears testimony to the sagacity which gave birth to the presage. Any estimate of General Skryznecki's military genius would be so imperfect in this place, that we shall not attempt it, but content ourselves with some notice of his personal character.

Descended from a noble family, he has all the principles that characterize the high-born gentleman in the truest sense of the word. For steadiness of religious faith, attachment to the conservative principles of society and morality, and a deep conviction that constitutional monarchies are the best adapted to answer the happiness of the people, and ought therefore to form a part of all European institutions, he is so very remarkable, that he has acquired the name of The Aristocrat,

not however, in an invidious sense—such Aristocrats only seek the honour and welfare of their country. In private life his manners are mild and amiable, rendering him the idol of his domestic circle, where he finds his truest happiness. His friends speak of him with an enthusiasm that proves the extent of influence which he can now fortunately exercise on behalf of his hitherto tortured country.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

RAMMOHUN ROY.—In the *Life of Bishop Middleton* we find the following notice of the learned Brahmin:—"I have visits sometimes from a Brahmin, who meditates a voyage to England. He has renounced idolatry, with some hundreds of his countrymen, and is acquiring a knowledge of Christianity. At present he has got no further than Socinianism, and was actually about to form a 'Unitarian Society,' if I had not dissuaded him. But he has called it 'The Friendly Society.' Our next conference is to be on the divinity of Christ, &c.; what will you say to me if he and his companions should be baptized at the cathedral, by myself? I should observe, however, that this man requires to be assured that Trinitarianism is not Polytheism, of which he has a very just abhorrence. I am very often placed in very singular situations. This Brahmin requested me the other day to read over to him my Advent Sermon, (which had been mentioned to him,) on 'thy kingdom come;' and it engaged us, with notes and comments, for two hours." The *Monthly* reviewer adds the following information respecting the ulterior proceedings of Rammohun Roy:—"A new cause of dissatisfaction sprung up from the proceedings of the Brahmin, Rammohun Roy, who has been already mentioned, and who, we believe, is the same individual who is now figuring in London. Through the instrumentality of an English Baptist missionary, this person had renounced the grosser doctrines of the national creed, but without making, in exchange, any considerable advance in Christianity. He became a mere deist, and, being a man of no ordinary acquirements and abilities, he wrote a work, which he entitled, '*An Appeal to the Christian World,*' the object of which was to refute what he called the polytheism of the trinity, and translated it into the native language, for the instruction of his countrymen. The Baptist who had assisted him in overcoming the prejudices of his original faith, became himself a convert to the Brahmin's doctrine with respect to the trinity, and not only acted as his auxiliary in the concoction of the '*Appeal,*' but also set up a Unitarian chapel in Calcutta. The counter-exertions of such an individual as this were calculated more powerfully than almost any other circumstances that could be mentioned to frustrate the labours of the episcopal church in India. Doctor Middleton felt this most forcibly, and accordingly, in the midst of his overwhelming occupations, he drew up a formal and detailed answer to the '*Appeal,*' under the title of '*Letters to a learned Hindoo,*' but he had not time to finish them before his death. The greater part of the manuscript has been destroyed, in consequence of a direction to that effect in his will, but an extract has been preserved in the appendix, from which it appears to us to have been upon the whole rather a declamatory production. The fact of the Bishop having applied his mind at such a period to a task of that description, shows how truly formidable to the church was the effect of the '*Appeal*' among the natives."

A DAY WITH THE ETTERICK SHEPHERD.—Though the mark and aim of our journey was Abotsford and Chiefswood, we had promised ourselves pleasure by the way; and, accordingly, on moving along,

we looked out for Altrive Lake, the abode of the 'far keened and noted' Shepherd of Etterick. Now, in this land the population is thin, there are no milestones, and, what is better, no toll-bars, and, what is sorrowful, no house of refreshment; and, moreover, to a citizen of 'credit and renown,' the whole vale, with all its associations of verse and prose, may seem naught and barren. But to him who knows how to seek such things, there is milk and honey, and trout and lamb, and as much information, old and new, as would fill a hundred pages of a traveller's volume. Any maiden, whom he may chance to meet, will, with small entreaty, supply you with milk, if you ask for water; and any shepherd will give you information on any subject reaching from the present hour to the days of Robert Bruce. We had arrived at that part of the valley where the growing corn and the natural grass meet, when we inquired of a boy where Altrive was, and if Hogg was at home. "Yon house is Altrive," (said the boy,) and yon man fishing is Mr. Hogg; cry, and he'll hear you." We lifted up our voice, but the murmur of the stream drowned it; and we advanced upon him, 'bout-ship went the Shepherd, and, with a heavy creel of trouts, began to wend his way home, at length he heard us, and marvelling, no doubt, what manner of people we were, came slowly to meet us. Now, we were known to the poet of old; he had heard, too, that we were in these parts; so he began to quicken his pace, and before we met, his face was radiant with joy, dilated with gladness. "God, man! but I'm glad to see you!" was the first exclamation, followed by a hearty, vigorous shake of both hands, after the manner of the Great Minstrel of Abbotsford. "You must come and dine with me, you and all your following; na, nae murmuring, man, I am omnipotent here, and can command you. I have two friends also who will be glad to see you; besides, you must taste our Yarrow cheer, our mutton, our trout, and our whisky. The house of the poet is a lonely one, and not very large; nor is the land very fertile around; but to make amends for all this, the fine water of Yarrow is some bow-shot distance; a burn well stored with trouts runs past the very door; and, better than all, the wife of the poet, a prudent and clever lady, keeps the whole in good order, and presides over the in-door economy of her dwelling place in a way worthy of more worldly prosperity. We had a pleasant chat about things bygone, how we met of old on Queensbury hill, with the Lady of the last Minstrel and a bottle of Ferintosh for our companions; how we lingered at a Thornhill fair till the morning stars shone; and how we discoursed in old Dumfries on the merits of all poets living and dead. During all this, we made use of our eyes, and looked at the Shepherd's library, a small but valuable collection; at his pictures on the wall, among which we remarked a clever portrait of one of his children, a likeness of a fine collie, and two of Martin's exquisite engravings, one of them the fall of Ninevah. The Scottish games of Inverleithing were talked of, where wrestling, pitching the bar, throwing the sledge hammar, and archery are practised in the presence of the noblemen and gentlemen of the district, and which the Shepherd himself takes a leading part. He invited us anxiously to see these sports, held on the 2nd of August, showing us certain silver buttons, with suitable devices, sent to him by Scottish noblemen, to be worn on that day; and, finally, producing a good yew bow, six feet long, dared us to attempt to string it. Now, in a vain moment, we had said something of our skill with this old weapon, and the poet, who sorely misdoubted us, had a roguish twinkle in his eye, as we handled the bow in such sort as bow was never handled before; we nevertheless lodged the string, and our entertainer spared us farther proof of our skill. The dinner was excellent, broth of